

# OXFORD OBSERVER.

TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM—OR ONE DOLLAR & SEVENTY-FIVE CENTS IF PAID IN ADVANCE.

BY WILLIAM E. GOODNOW AND WILLIAM P. PHELPS.

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## THE REFLECTOR.

[From the Catskill Recorder.]

### AUTUMN.

Linger then yet awhile  
As the last leaves on the bough,  
Ye have loved the gleam of many a smile  
That is taken from you now.

MRS. HEMANS.

Had we the tender and pathetic expression of Bryant to clothe our musings, we would dwell long and thrillingly upon the lessons taught so forcibly in the advent of sober suited Autumn.—Coldly indeed must he look upon nature and her changes who does not find luxury of sentiment in the contemplation of all her seasons. All are but chords to that instrument which yields its tone to every breath of man, and vibrates involuntarily in every feeling of his breast. In the Spring, the fairy melody is made up of the unmingle warbling of rapture, the involuntary trills of untaught fingers, the overflows of that spring of gladness, which gave mythology her fabled fountains, and from which issues all that claims the name of music, short of the voiceless harmony of Heaven. In summer, it is mellowed into the harmony of hope. The voice which never mourned is heard in its rich diapasons; its glowing progressions are tempered to the calmness of matured desire; its echoes are unbroken by the irregular responses of untutored passion, and its deep and ever-varying consonances chime, swell, and estuate, in infinite gradation.

Beautifully though sadly the reverse of this is the style of Autumn's "unwritten music." The hope of the glad Spring and the devotion of the ardent Summer, have been damped, but not to deaden a single tone. The chords on which once played the breath of the affections, are strained, but not to break.

The mind is no longer a mighty organ, yielding its sounds to the hand of man; but becomes a gentle Aeolian harp, catching its magic tones from every breath of the Autumnal breeze. Plain and sweet, as though sound itself had caught a charm from the beautiful hues of decay, they come upon the ear, blending into harmony such strains as no art can imitate, no science arrange, no skill record. Such is the music of Autumn, upon that deep toned glorious instrument—the heart.

The grave comes gloomily upon the thoughts of youth. They have not yet buried there the better part of their hearts. To the pilgrim who has farther advanced on the highway of human disappointments, the last home of man is a welcome theme. Lovely to him, not only that it already holds his best hopes and his only charms that made the world fair amid all its desolation, the grave,—the cold and dreary grave sends up a sweet and holy call to his broken spirit. All that speaks of decay has a charm to him. No marvel then that he woos the melancholy influence of Autumn, and breathes with untold delight her sighing breezes, and settles an unwearied gaze upon her red and yellow forests. Let childhood hang with enrapturing fondness over the brilliant beauty of Spring's first flowers;—but its little idols will wither. Let maturer youth yield its full devotion to the fruitful and fervent hopes of Summer; yet they too shall pass way. But who, that has ever relished the calm yet passionate love of fading beauty, which steals upon the unsubdued tho' softened spirit of one whose hopes have been like the summer cloud, will cling to such fleeting hues again. There is an autumn in the soul, where all these images are mirrored deep and indelible.—Even the winter of age though it withers the outer form, can never supplant the sweetly fingering hues of autumn in the soul. They cling to the memory longer than hope,—and the memory itself is life.

### THE MEMORY OF THE DEAD.

The relations between man and man cease not with life. The dead leave behind them their memory, their example, and the effects of their actions. Their influence still abides with us. Their names and characters dwell in our thoughts and hearts. We live and commune with them in their writings. We enjoy the benefit of their labors. Our institutions have been founded by them. We are surrounded by the works of the dead. Our knowledge and our arts are the fruits of their toil. Our minds have been formed by their instructions. We are most intimately connected with them by a thousand dependances. Those whom we have loved in life are still objects of our deepest and holiest affections. Their power over us remains. They are with us in our solitary walks; and their voices speak to our hearts in the silence of midnight. Their image is impressed upon our dearest recollections, and our most sacred hopes. They form an essential part of our treasure laid in heavy

en. For above all, we are separated from them but for a little time. We are soon to be united with them. If we follow in the path of those whom we have loved, we too shall join in the innumerable company of spirits of just men made perfect. Our affections and our hopes are not buried in the dust, to which we commit the poor remains of mortality. The blessed retain their remembrance and their love for us in heaven; and we will cherish our remembrance and our love for them while on earth.—Professor Norton.

### ADVICE.

In the morning of life, when all is beauteous, serene and fair; and hope with golden wings extended, invites you to the flowery fields of pleasure, where friendship, love, and happiness, seem basking in the sunshine of perpetual joy and bliss; when the wide spreading vista of futurity, smiles with the promise of all that is dear to the fondest imaginings of your young inexperienced heart; let Wisdom be a lamp to your feet, and a guide to your path; then, should your morning sun be obscured by the lowering clouds of misfortune and disappointment, or your noon of life be swept by the chilling blast of adversity, or your evening be lonely, dark and dreary, by loss of relatives and friends, who solaced you in misfortune, and cheered you in adversity. She will point you to a brighter world, where misfortune and adversity can no more annoy; and to an everlasting friend, who will never forsake you; in whose presence is fulness of joy, and at whose right hand are rivers of pleasure, for evermore.—*Boston Spectator.*

### MISCELLANY.

#### INDIAN REVENGE.

Some twenty-five or thirty years ago, circumstances made me, for a few days, an inmate of a family situated in the heart of the Green Mountains. It was the family of a hardy young farmer, who, with a wife, young, active and ambitious as himself, had but few years before, made his pitch on a lot of wild land, and was now, by the steady efforts of industry, rapidly transforming the patch of brown wilderness, which he had selected as his home, into a cultivated field. It was near night of a beautiful summer's day, and the sun was slowly sinking behind the woody hills which, deeply environing the log house and the little opening around it, stood clothed in all the green majesty of nature, sending forth on the pure atmosphere, cooled and moistened by the evaporating spray of a thousand falling rills, their sweet and balmy breath, impregnated with all the mingled fragrance of the blooming wilderness. The farmer had returned from his labor in the field, and was silently pacing the room with an air of dejection and pensiveness. He gave no reason however for this change in his deportment, and remained silent till he was kindly interrogated by his wife; when he paused for awhile, and observed—I know not why it is, Rebecca, but I have felt this day a sensation of uneasiness, rather of mind than of body I believe—the same unaccountable feeling which I have always experienced when some hidden danger was lurking about me. I think all must be but your own fancyings, replied she, with some apparent concern. My husband, she continued, turning to me with the air of one who seems to consider some explanation called for by the circumstances, my husband is a little subject, at times, to dark and moody turns, and often starts at imaginary dangers, while real ones appear to be the least of his concern. While she was speaking the husband had approached the side of the house and was intently looking through a large crevice between the logs from which the moss, a substance in common use to stop the crevices of log buildings, had been partly removed. In a moment he started back with a look of dismay, seized his rifle from the wooden hooks by which it was suspended from beam above him, and instantly cocked it. Rebecca, said he, in a hurried tone, come here! She tremblingly obeyed, and looking through the crevice in the direction indicated by his his quivering finger, she instantly recoiled from the view, and exchanged a meaning and alarmed glance with her husband who was now in the attitude of raising the muzzle of the piece to the crevice. Seizing it with both hands, you cannot be so thoughtless, said she, as to fire upon them—O, fly, fly out of the other window and you can reach the woods unseen. The husband pausing a moment and giving a quick glance in every direction around him, replied, you are right—while she, as if reading at a look his wishes, reached him his powder horn and ball pouch and was hurrying him to the window.

As he passed me he said, stay here and protect my family till I return, and all but life shall reward you. He then directed my aim between the two bright

bows that were glowing down upon me with the intensity of a furnace, I fired and the animal with a tremendous leap and a scream that echoed for miles among the mountains of the lake, fell to the ground about half way from the tree to where I stood. My dog still refusing to approach the spot, and knowing the animal to be dangerous even with the last gasp of life, I hastily re-loaded for another fire. At this moment I heard a rustling amongst the bushes, and discerning some dark object to move in the direction of the animal, and supposing he was preparing for another leap, I fired. Something fell to the ground, and my blood curdled as I heard the sounds of the human voice in the hollow groan that accompanied the fall! I hastened to the spot: the lifeless body of the catamount lay stretched upon the ground—and a little further I beheld a human being writhing in the agonies of death. I applied a torch light to his face, and to my unutterable grief, discovered him to be my Indian friend. Having been belated on an excursion, he was probably approaching my tent for the night at the time I was reconnoitering the catamount, and having seen him fall, he was cautiously approaching the animal when arrested by the fatal shot which it was my luckless destiny to give him. Though unable to speak, a fierce and vengeful expression was beaming in his eyes as he beheld me. In a moment however, as if satisfied of the innocence of my motives on witnessing the agony of my feelings, his countenance assumed a mild and benignant expression. He stretched out his hand to receive mine: and with this last convulsive effort of appeased and friendly feelings, he immediately expired. I soon began to feel sensible of the peculiar difficulties and dangers of my situation. If I should call in the Indians I doubted greatly whether I should be able to prevent them from suspecting me of intentionally killing their companion; and such suspicions I feared would be fostered by some of the tribe in their present feelings towards me. And as suspicion, in the creed of the Indian, is but little better than conviction, and fearful of the fiery tortures which must follow in case of such a conclusion in their minds, I concluded, perhaps unwisely, to dispose of the body secretly. With this determination I took the rifle and several steel traps which the deceased had with him, and lashing them to the body, conveyed it to my canoe and rowed towards the deepest part of the lake. I shall never forget the painful and gloomy feelings that attended the performance of this sad and fearful office. Though conscious of my innocence and of being dictated only by prudence in thus disposing of him to whom I could have wished an honorable interment, still a kind of guilty feeling, and self-condemnation weighed deeply on my mind. Even the murmuring winds that were sighing mournfully through the tall pines that stood towering along the shores of the lake, seemed to upbraid me; and the low wailings of the waves, dashing silently along on the distant beach, seemed to fall on my ear in the sounds of reproach for the deed I was committing; dark presentations of approaching danger oppressed and sunk gloomily on my spirits. On arriving into the deep waters of the lake I lifted the body over the side of the canoe into the water, and it immediately sunk by the weight of iron by which it was encumbered, and disappeared from my sight. I then turned and rowed hastily back to the shore. As I was about step out of my boat I heard theplash of an oar at a distance down the lake. This circumstance, though I could discern nothing, much alarmed me, as I supposed the Indians were abroad on the lake, and had probably observed my movement—in which case I feared that a discovery was inevitable; for though they must be perfectly ignorant of my business at the time, yet on missing their companion, they would be sure to resolve this circumstance in their minds, in every bearing, and perhaps by some ingenious connect it with his fate; for there are no people under Heaven that can vie with the natives of our forests in the scrutinizing closeness of their observations, the minuteness and accuracy of comparing circumstances, and the faculty of drawing conclusions from presumptive evidence. I returned to my tent and lay down—but not to sleep. Alone in the dark wilderness, fifty miles from the dwelling of a single civilized being, and deprived of my only friend by the very blow which had brought me into the situation where he was most needed—the gloomy stillness of the hour, and the dark forebodings of the future, all rushed on my mind, and conspired to fill my bosom with feelings of grief, anxiety and utter loneliness.

The next day I went out and was absent nearly all day. As I was returning when I came in sight of my tent, I saw two Indians intently examining the spot where the deceased had fallen.—They then took the trail I had made in carrying the body to the lake, carefully examining each leaf on the way to the canoe, and, after raising a kind of wailing whoop, and departed towards their encampment. Judging from their appearance that they had formed conclusions unfavorable to me, I packed up my valuable furs and other articles, and building a good fire at the door of the tent, I took a bear skin and laid down in a thicket at a distance, from which I could see directly into the tent. During the evening several Indians appeared gliding around the tent, and finally entered it.—Finding my moveables gone, they immediately raised the war-whoop and scattering in every direction. One came near me, pursuing his way down the lake. I remained awhile, rose, and taking my pack, directed my course to the south end of the lake, from whence I intended to steer to the nearest white settlement. I reached the place before day unmolested, and sought a concealment in an old tree top on the ground, where I laid till nearly dark the next day. I then arose and was making my way homeward, when two Indians rose from a thicket and rushed upon me. I ran for the of the lake which I had not yet left. I reached it as the Indians were within two rods of me. It was a precipice of rocks hanging perpendicularly fifty feet above the waters. I must be taken or leap from the rock. I paused an instant plunged headlong, and was quickly buried in the deep waters beneath. When I arose I saw my faithful dog, who had followed the desperate fortunes of his master, floating apparently lifeless on the surface, having so flatly struck the water in his fall that the shock had deprived him of breath and the power of motion. With as little of my head above water as possible, I swam under the shelving rocks so as to get out of the view of the Indians. Several balls were in quick succession sent into the body of the unconscious dog, it being now so dark that the Indians could not distinguish it from me. Supposing they had done their bloody work they ran up the lake, where they could get down to the water to swim in after what they mistook to be my body. While doing this I had swam in a opposite direction, till I unseem effected a landing. I took my course with rapid strides towards the settlements, and had proceeded some distance before I heard the whoop which told the disappointment of the Indians. I however travelled all night unmolested, and the next day by noon was safely lodged in the house of an old acquaintance.

After the narrator had concluded his story, I partook of some refreshment and soon took my leave of the family. Several years after I was journeying through the town and passed by the same dwelling. It was desolate and tenantless, and the weeds and bushes had grown up where I before had seen fields of waving grain. On inquiry I learned that the former occupant, having been again haunted by the Indians, and perhaps still more so by his own imagination, had removed into the western country, without informing even their nearest neighbors of his intended residence.

**SUMMARY LAW SUITS.**—A crazy fellow in Pawtucket recently stepped into a magistrate's office in his absence, pocketed a dozen or more writs against persons he knew by sight, arrested three or four besides two journeymen tailors whom he carried under either arm for resisting summary process, carried them to the office and finding the magistrate absent, locked them up there, "to take their trial at the next court."—[Gazette.]

A humane gentleman, who advertises in one of the Charleston papers a runaway slave, says that he may be known by the "incisions of the whip on his back."

A gentleman recently advertised in one of the New York papers for a clerk; and in one day there was one hundred and thirty applicants for the situation.

**TRAVELLING.**—The low rate of fare on the Hudson River, seems to have set all the world in that vicinity a travelling. Two or three boats a day are run, and we often see notices of the arrival of a boat with from 600 to 800 passengers.

It is said that Capt Basil Hall has received from the London publishers \$7125 for the copy right of his Travels in America.

About 2000 tons of stone were broken at the House of Correction in this city last winter, for the purpose of Macadamising streets in this city. Thus these culprits put to labor to make them mend their own ways, contribute to mend the ways of the city.—[Patriot.]

An idler is a watch that wants both hands—As useless when it goes as when it stands.

# OXFORD OBSERVER.

## FOREIGN NEWS.

BOSTON, Sept. 29.

By the ship Cowper, Capt. Woodbury, from Liverpool, we have received London papers to the 23d ult. and Liverpool to the 26th, from which we gather the following items of news:—

FRANCE.—The Paris papers represent the public feeling in the Departments, to be averse to the new Ministry. Letters from Troyes, Meaux, Melun, and Rouen, say that the news was, at first, generally disbelieved; when it was confirmed, business was suspended;—every one sunk his private interest in the public welfare, and nothing was talked of but the probable consequence of this event. A letter from Meaux, says, "The shadow only of a counter revolution, makes the very ground beneath us tremble." Every thing in the department of the Loiret, was at a standstill, and the people went away from the market-place to consult together as to the future. They were sure the king had been grossly deceived.

PORTUGAL.—Lisbon, July 29. The variance between the leaders of the Apostolic and the Miguelite factions is as decided as ever, and some of the Lisbon newsmongers do not hesitate to say, that the old Queen is not on speaking terms with her "amiable darling."—More troops have been ordered into the city, to defend the sacred person" of his Majesty. Many new instances of the cruelty of Don Miguel are related.

GREECE.—The National Assembly of Greece was to meet at Angos, in the Gulf of Napoli di Romania, on the 12th ult. when matters of the utmost importance were expected to come under discussion. It is hinted that there is an intention of placing a foreign sovereign over that State; but this attempt is expected to be resisted in favor of Count Capo d'Istra, who, it is said, will be elected President for life.

EGYPT.—The Pacha of Egypt is, as is believed, preparing an expedition in aid of the Sultan. A Russian squadron is assembling at Paros to watch this movement.

THE WAR IN THE EAST.—The most unfavorable reports were in circulation, at Constantinople, on the 25th of July, respecting the Turkish army in Asia.—A great battle near Erzeroum was spoken of, in which the Turks suffered severely. As the date of this battle is not stated, it is uncertain whether it is the same which is mentioned in the Russian Bulletin from Tifflin. Trebizond has been bombarded, and the fortress of Van delivered up to the Russians by treachery.

The military preparations on the part of the Turks, were going on with increased activity, and the Sultan had given orders for the fortification of Adrianople, Kilipa, Soppi, and Nissu. Twenty thousand Albanians had arrived in the vicinity of Widden. The Russians were in full march for Adrianople.

Official Advices have been received at St. Petersburg of the capture, on the 27th of June, of Erzeroum and the fortress of Hassan-Kale. At Erzeroum the Seraskier himself, and four other Pachas, were made prisoners, and 150 canons had fallen into the hands of the Russians, of which 29 were taken at Hassan-Kale. This event was expected after the decisive victories gained by Gen. Paskewitch over Hagki Pacha and the Seraskier, but yet it had caused great joy at St. Petersburg. The capture of that important city, in fact, leaves all Asia open to the triumphant Russians.

A letter from Constantinople, dated the 27th July, states that the Sultan was perplexed, though he persisted in his resolution never to yield to any of the terms proposed by the Russians.

The City of Broussa, on the Asiatic shore, 100 miles from Constantinople, would be selected by the Sultan, as a place of retreat in the first instance.

INDIA.—Letters from Bengal, to the 2d April, state that the trade of Calcutta, in goods and yarn, had materially improved. The whole amount of Indigo crop, last year, was 94,752 manuls, of which 80,000 were shipped to Europe. The papers contain an official intimation that a resolution had passed the Supreme Commons, granting to Europeans permission to hold lands in India, for agricultural purposes—which gave general satisfaction to the inhabitants.

FROM BUENOS AIRES.—Extract of a letter from Rio de Janeiro, from an officer on board U. S. ship Hudson, to a friend in Baltimore, dated July 29th 1829. "The Vandalia left this for the River La Plata. Buenos Ayres is now tranquil. La Vallee has fled the city with Admiral Brown, and it is said gone to the United States. The present president, Governor is Rodriguez."

A gentleman from Philadelphia, who conversed with the Captain of the Eliza, from Vera Cruz, states that St. Anna had attacked the Spaniards in their entrenchments at Tampico, with a small force, and had been repulsed with the loss of 400 men. Troops were pouring into the Mexican Camp from all quarters.

ters. The Eliza left Vera Cruz 19th ult.—N. Y. Mer. Advt.

BOSTON, Sept. 26.

### Detection and Apprehension of Wade.

The public have pretty generally been made acquainted with the loss of a sum of money by the Suffolk Bank, for which One Thousand Dollars reward had been offered; the rogue is now in prison, and the greater part of the money recovered. As it has been a topic of much conversation for some days, we have taken some pains to procure from an authentic source, the prominent particulars connected with the loss and recovery.

John Wade, who had been known as a sort of ostler and attendant upon stage houses, went to the Suffolk Bank in the morning before it was opened. While walking on the pavement before the bank, he was observed by the brother of the bank porter, and asked what he was waiting for. He replied he had come down for the bag for the Providence stage driver. Sometimes after, when the porter came along, his brother remarked to him that that man had been waiting for the bag, half an hour. The porter asked where Brown (the stage-driver to whom those things were usually entrusted) was. Wade replied he was eating his breakfast. The porter unlocked the bank, went up stairs, took the bag containing the money, (\$5,100) and tossed it out at the window to Wade, who took it and immediately passed off. It was not known till the next morning about the same hour, that the money had not been delivered to the proper person.

After receiving the money Wade went on board the schooner Washington, and sailed the same day for Hallowell. On arriving at Bath, he went ashore and purchased a sailor's jacket and trowsers, and went again on board the same vessel. He then went up the river about a mile to Day's ferry, where he again landed and stated that he wanted to get his trunk carried to Brunswick. He passed by the name of Charles King.—Without sending his trunk to Brunswick, he returned to Bath, where he stayed several days. Here he shipped on board the sloop Deborah of Gardiner, bound to Boston. They lay three days at anchor in the river, during which time Wade frequently went ashore with the crew, played at nine-pins, and paid all the bills of his company. When they arrived in Boston harbor on Thursday morning, he was put ashore by his request, near South Boston bridge, leaving his trunk on board to be called for at another time. During the day, while Wade was at S. Boston, the captain of the Deborah met with the advertisements offering a reward for the rogue and describing his person; and learning that the supposed rogue had assumed the name of Charles King, (a report having previously reached Boston that a person answering the description of Wade was at Bath under that name) he was satisfied that he had the rogue in his power. He consulted with the crew, who were unwilling to believe his suspicious correct. After dark, the sloop then lying on the flats, Wade hailed them from South Boston Bridge and requested them to bring his trunk ashore. Another consultation was held, which resulted in the Captain's taking it into a boat himself and carrying it to Wade. As they were about to separate, the captain thought hardly proper to part with one on whom such strong suspicion rested, without further investigation, and took hold of one end of the trunk and offered to assist Wade in carrying it.—Wade told him he was not going that way. The captain then told him that he was suspected of being the man who had obtained the money from the Suffolk Bank. Wade wanted to know why he was suspected; the captain explained further and added that he suspected him. Wade appeared thoughtful, and the captain asked him what he would give him to let him off. Wade replied, fifty dollars. The captain asked him if he would not give more? if he would not give a thousand? to which after a little hesitation, Wade assented. The captain then told him, that he must be the man, and that it was his duty to secure him. Wade made no attempt to escape, but asked the captain what he had better do. The captain advised him to go immediately to Brown, the Providence stage-driver, and deliver himself up. Wade said he did not wish to make any difficulty about it, and consented to go with the captain in search of Brown. They went together to the Marlborough Hotel, which, being shut for the night, and no one moving, Wade said he would go to the gaol.

When the money was examined at Mr. Badlam's room, there was \$4800. Wade said he had lost his wallet which contained a portion of what was missing, and some attempts were made by the captain to find it; while he was gone upon the search, Wade told Mr. Badlam that he had deposited it in a certain place which he described near the stable of the Marlborough Hotel. In the morning it was found according to his statement, and contained \$185. The whole sum is therefore recovered, with the loss of 400 men. Troops were pouring into the Mexican Camp from all quarters.

It was then twelve o'clock, and when they arrived at the gaol, (Wade then leading the way) they called up Mr. Badlam, who sent for the cashier of the Bank. When he arrived, Wade opened the trunk, and delivered forty-eight hundred dollars, which Mr. Parker identified as part of the money taken from the Bank. Mr. Badlam then took possession of the trunk and money, and of the person of the rogue, which he kept till yesterday morning, when he was examined at the Police Court and committed for trial at the Municipal Court. The facts above stated, were divulged voluntarily by Wade, who seems to have made not the slightest attempt at concealment, after he knew that he was suspected.—*Boston Courier.*

## OXFORD OBSERVER.

NORWAY, TUESDAY, OCT. 6, 1829.

### DEDICATION.

On Wednesday last the new and elegant Universalist Meeting House, recently erected in this village, was publicly dedicated to the service of God. The House is 55 by 44 feet, containing fifty-four pews, with a gallery for the singers, and is built of good materials and finished in the best manner and handsome style. The Architect, Mr. EZRA F. BEAL, spared no pains or expense in doing his work faithfully, and has done honor to himself in finishing the house: nor was Mr. Ichabod Bartlett, who contracted to furnish all the materials for the building, deficient in the least particular, but procured all of them of a good quality and fully to the satisfaction of the Committee. The house is furnished with a patent Cast Steele Bell, procured through the agency of ASA BARTON, Esq. which is one of the first description, has a most excellent tone, and is heard to the distance of six or eight miles. The pews are about all sold, and we are happy to state that the Building Committee, consisting of Nathaniel Bennett, Elijah Hall, ASA Barton, ASA Danforth and Joshua Crockett, have succeeded in discharging the duties devolving upon them, in a manner highly creditable to themselves, and satisfactory to the society for whose benefit the house is erected, and that not the least difference of opinion has arisen between them and Messrs. Bartlett & Beal, who contracted to build the house. We would also observe that Mr. Beal made use of no ardent spirit in framing, raising or finishing this edifice, and we are confident in saying that there is no house of its size that is done in all its parts in a more finished and workmanlike manner.

The following were the order of exercises on the occasion:

1st, Voluntary by the choir.

2d, Reading select portions of scripture by Rev. Mr. Murray, pastor of the church and society.

3d, Anthem.

4th, Invocation by Rev. Mr. Merrill of New-Gloucester.

5th, The following Hymn, composed for the occasion by Rev. Mr. Murray:

DEDICATORY HYMN.

Spotless and pure, eternal King,  
Thyself, thy throne, thy realm, thy reign:

Pure be the off'nings which we bring,  
For bondage broke, and banished pain.

Our mental darkness fill'd with fears,  
Once veil'd thy goodness and thy love;

While constant time with hopeless years,  
Roll'd on the mystic scene to prove.

But thy eternal truth has burst  
The sable curtains of our sky;

And raised our hope from crumbling dust  
Where joys immortal, never die.

Now for thy worship, dearest Lord,  
For pure devotion's ardent flame,

To teach the blessings of thy word,

And sound its threatenings in thy name—

To take salvation's joyful cup,

And call upon our God and King,

To lead our children's children up

To worship where their sires have been—

To quell the power that blasts thy name,

To mingle faith, and hope, and love,

We built: and here thy praise proclaim,

And wait the blessing from above.

Almighty God! accept this dome,

And in it let thy presence dwell:

Here may we feel that Heaven's our home,

That Christ has conquer'd death and hell.

And when these mortal scenes are fled,

And life's pale lamp shall wane no more,

May we th' empyreal regions tread,

Where all shall meet, and God adore.

6th, Dedicatory prayer by Mr. Murray.

7th, Hymn.

8th, Sermon by Rev. Mr. Wood of Saco, from PHILIPPIANS 3d chapter 3d

verse, "For we are the circumcise, which

worship God in the spirit, and rejoice in

Christ Jesus, and have no confidence in the flesh."

9th, Hymn.

10th, Valedictory prayer by Rev. Mr. Fuller of Canton.

11th, Anthem.

12th, Benediction by Mr. Wood.

The day was fine, and it is supposed that there were nearly a thousand persons present on the occasion. The music was performed in a superior manner, and the audience gave the most profound attention during the services.

We copy the following remarks and extracts from the Portland Advertiser, not with a view

to trumpet our own disgrace, but to show our readers in what light the late electioneering

contest is viewed abroad. It is said by the Ed-

itors of papers in the neighboring States, that the contest has been such as to degrade and corrupt the character and morals of the State. We do not wonder the good people abroad censure the asperity, vulgarity and malignity which characterized our late election.—It is a well known fact that politicians resort to the lowest means in order to effect their purposes. The country has been filled with Expositors, Depositions, and many other vile and base fabrications, at the instigation of those unworthy office-seekers who feel determined to govern and discipline the people. The people will learn, ere long, that they have been deceived, and that Jackson's proscriptive measures are not calculated for the public good.

We have said that the late electioneering contest was such as to degrade the character and corrupt the morals of the State. To show our readers the light in which it is viewed abroad, we propose to make a few extracts from the papers of the neighboring States. We, ourselves, have manifested considerable

feeling and much of our paper which has been heretofore devoted to electioneering articles will now be devoted to literature and intelligence—but we cannot accuse ourselves of over-stepping the bounds of decency—or of publishing articles which were unfit to be read by individuals of the chaste taste. How far our opponents can go in brushing away the accusation resting upon them for their indecency and vulgarity, let some of their infamous articles speak for themselves. The following extract is from the Newburyport Herald.

"The election in Maine took place yesterday, and the *corps editorial* will be glad it is over, if nobody else is; for the Maine papers have for the last three weeks, contained nothing but one continued mass of electioneering jargon; and one party at least, losing sight of common civility, has conducted the warfare in the most rancorous and indecent manner. We should hardly envy the victors their reflections under such circumstances."

The Boston Courier gives the following paragraph:

"MAINE. The annual election of governor, and senators, and representatives, take place to-day in Maine. We have never, that we recollect, witnessed so furious a warfare as has been carried on in most of the papers of that state, for the last few weeks. The leading papers in the state have been altogether unfit for any man to handle unless his hands were protected by a pair of thick buckskin mittens."

The censure of the Editor is universal; he applies the whip to both parties. Now as it is a matter of some importance that unjust imputations should be repelled, we invite the editor of that paper to call back to his memory what has been said by the republican party against Smith, the Jackson candidate. Point to an article in our paper where we have spoken of him otherwise than in the most gentlemanly terms—where we have slandered his character or even attacked him improperly as a public man. Nothing can be found; we have exercised a wonderful degree of forbearance, even though our friends have demanded retaliation and have furnished us with "facts" wherewith we could have rankled ourselves side by side with the filthy 'depositions' and the infamous 'Expositor.' For this forbearance, when we have been so provoked by the wanton and outrageous attack upon the character of Mr. Hunton, we take credit to ourselves, and we demand it from the hands of others.

The next extract is from the Boston Gazette:

"The election of State Officers in Maine takes place this day. For the honor of our young and vigorous sister, we hope that the Editors of Maine may immediately become decent members of society, and speak in a more respectful manner of the characters of their fellow-citizens."

We hope so too. It is a melancholy fact that public papers have been issued from some of the Jackson offices which no female of common delicacy could read without blushing. These papers have been scattered far and wide with all their vulgarity, and in some cases, they have even been thrust into private families to corrupt the morals of our youth and to disgust men of the least sensibility.—The New-Hampshire Patriot, a Jackson paper, speaks thus:

"THE MAINE ELECTION takes place this day. The canvas has been carried on with a great degree of violence. It is uncertain what will be the result; but we venture to guess that the democratic party will beat."

Not a State in New-England even in the fiery days of Republicans and Federalists ever fought with so much fury as have the desperate and reckless band of office holders who have showered down such a super-abundance of indecency upon Mr. Hunton. To ourselves we can say, we were not used to such things; and at one time we believed the very demons themselves were let loose against Mr. Hunton—and who can tell now what this (to use the words of the Argus) 'social monster' may do, if he becomes Governor of Maine. Indeed this man, if we may believe Jackson lies, is a sort of Arch-fiend who spouts forth flames—a man

"... besmeared with blood  
Of human sacrifice, and parent's tears."

But to forget all that—we cannot be insensible to the opinions which prevail abroad when the morals, religion and purity of our State are threatened with such a deluge of wickedness in every electioneering campaign. In Kentucky they fight and *genc*—in England they break each other's noses; and their heads are sometimes not over-safe in a furious

combat; but in Maine they bespatter a man with filthy depositions, and unloose upon him a flight of furies who seem to gather up the malignity even of the infernal regions in search of the vilest epithets and the direst language.

Again the Jackson papers wrangled about the orthography of Mr. Hunton's name. On this petty quarrel the New-York Courier says:

"The Maine papers are quarrelling about the proper way to spell the name of one of their candidates for Governor's office. It should be spelt Hunton, says the one party—Hantoon, says the other. We recommend that the question should be settled by the ex-member of Congress, who spells wife—yr."

By the way we would inform the redoubtable Major, that we have an Ex-member of Congress among us without going abroad, who, if he does not spell Congress with a K. and wife with WF, yet can beat down the member he speaks of in an orthographical tilt—all to nothing.

The Hallowell Advocate contains the following extract of a letter dated Kennebunk, Sept. 22, from a gentleman whose statements are entitled to implicit credit:

and costs, from which Mr. Herrick appealed to the Supreme Judicial Court. At this September term, at Alfred, Mr. Herrick proposed an adjustment and offered the following acknowledgement: "I, Benjamin J. Herrick, acknowledge that in the month of August, 1828, at a time of great political excitement, I caused to be printed, published and circulated a handbill injurious to the character of the Hon. John Holmes, for which an action has been commenced by Mr. Holmes, against me, and is now pending in the Supreme Judicial Court, in the county of York, and I freely admit that there is no ground to believe the slanderous reports contained in said handbill are true, but am now satisfied they were not true, and I deem it an act of justice to Mr. Holmes as well as to myself, to state that Mr. Holmes is entirely free from all ground of complaint imputed to him in such slanderous words and I am willing that this should be entered of record in Court in said action."

BENJAMIN J. HERRICK.

Alfred, 24th Sept. 1829."

CAPTAIN GREGG AND HIS DOG.

When quite young, I took much delight in reading an anecdote, in the American Preceptor, of a dog which saved his master's life; and one of the earliest efforts of my memory was to repeat the concluding lines:

"My dog the truest of his kind,  
With gratitude inflames my mind,  
I mark his true and faithful way,  
And in my service copy Tray."

In after life I heard it told, with many additional and interesting particulars, by the late General Dearborn; a man whose life would form half the history of his country, and whose memory was an inexhaustible fund of anecdote.

"I was," said he, "personally acquainted with Capt. Gregg; and have seen the valuable dog to which he owed his life. Soon after the British and Indians, under Gen. S. Leger, raised the siege of Fort Schuyler, so bravely defended by Gen. Gainsvoort, Capt. Gregg, of the New-York line, obtained permission to hunt, accompanied by a brother officer.

They were successful in the expedition, and were returning with a load of fresh provisions of which the fort had a long time been destitute, when they were suddenly fired upon by an ambush of Indians. Both the officers fell; and the Indians coming up, knocked them down with a tomahawk, and scalped them, as their custom is, when they have time, from the forehead to the back of the neck; leaving only a couple of small locks of hair by the side of the ears.

Capt. Gregg wore a club, by means of which they took off the scalp, after having passed the knife entirely round the head. In describing the operation he said it felt as if molten lead were poured upon him.

Yet he had the hardihood to be perfectly still suppressing even his breath, lest his enemies should discover that life was in him; and the Indians very naturally supposing that their cruel work had been fatal, departed.

After laying in this situation some time he felt his burning head touched gently and tenderly; and he immediately conjectured it was his favorite dog, which had accompanied him to the chase, and run away at the first approach of the Indians.

"Never," said he, "shall I forget how soothing the cool tongue of the faithful creature felt at that dreadful moment."

Supposing by the fearlessness of the animal, that the Indians had gone, he raised his head with difficulty, and looked around him. His brother officer lay dead near him; and his favorite spaniel, after a few indications of anxious sympathy, disappeared in the woods.

On attempting to rise, Captain Gregg found that he was wounded near the back-bone by a musket shot, and was severely bruised on the forehead by the stroke of a tomahawk. The Indians always consider a blow of the tomahawk across the forehead as immediate death, and it would inevitably have put a sudden end to the suffering of the unfortunate officer, had not the cocked hat which he wore, taken the principal weight of the stroke.

However, alone and mangled as he was, he had no hopes of life. Having resigned himself to die, he crawled as well as he was able, to his dead companion, and opening his waistcoat, he laid his throbbing head upon his soft, warm bosom; for the sticks and stones among which he lay were torture to him.

But he was not forsaken in this trying hour; his faithful dog had not forgotten him! The officers at Fort Schuyler had already begun to entertain fears for the safety of the hunters, and were anxiously on the look out for their return, when

"Tray" was seen issuing from the wood panting with eagerness and fatigue. "They are coming, for there is the dog!" was the universal exclaim. But their anxious eyes were bent towards the wood in vain, their friends did not appear; and the spaniel by whining, crouching, going to and fro, and looking up in the most supplicating manner, plainly indicated that some accident had befallen them. A detachment was immediately ordered to follow him. With unerring

instinct the faithful creature guided them to the scene we have just described, ever and anon returning from a rapid race to retrace their unavoidable delay. The dying was found resting on the bosom of the dead—one was committed to the earth, and the other, under the care of the surgeon, borne carefully to the fort.

Eight weeks after this, during which time the capture of Burgoyne had taken place, General, then Colonel Dearborn, returned from the scenes of Saratoga to Albany, where he heard the story, just as we have related it, from the lips of Capt. Gregg. The dog in the meantime sat gravely at his side, looking wistfully in his face, as if conscious that he was the hero of the tale. "Well," said Col. Dearborn, "I suppose you cannot be induced to part with him?" "No," said the officer, "not till I part with life; he shall never want for a friend, till my bones are in the dust." The dog wagged his tail, put his paw upon his master's foot, and nestled closely to his side.

NATCHES, Aug. 6.

A pretty young widow of nineteen years of age and a comely young man of twenty-two, strangers to each other, had been committed to prison for separate offences. They were brought to the bar for trial, when for the first time they saw each other. Both were convicted and sentenced to imprisonment for one week. As soon as the sentence was pronounced our swain stated, that during their trials they had agreed that solitary confinement might be ameliorated if the court

would grant their request, which was, that before they were conducted to prison, they might be permitted to go to a Justice of the Peace to be married. This was readily granted by the court; the parties after having committed matrimony were committed to prison, and by order of the Court enjoy the same apartment. This is a vast improvement upon the Lynch code.

SOUTH SEA EXPEDITION.—The New Bedford Mercury says, that S. N. Reynolds, Esq. and Capt. Palmer have been in our place for the past week, preparing one of the finest vessels ever built in this or any other port, for the expedition.

Capt. Palmer has already, we learn, shipped part of the crew, prepared boats of the best construction, and obtained other article for the voyage. The brig will leave here in a few days for New York, where she will receive on board the remainder of her outfit, previous to her departure for the South Seas. We have heard Capt. P. spoken of as among the most intelligent, enterprising and successful South Sea navigators, and possessing much practical knowledge of those seas. Of Mr. Reynolds' scientific skill and enthusiastic devotion to the cause of discovery, the public have long been apprised. We are pleased that the enterprise has met with co-operation in New Bedford. Of the number of vessels to be employed in the expedition, and the precise time of sailing, we have not been informed.

The Brockport Recorder mentions that a worthless fellow of that town married an industrious woman—that he went off soon after—and lately returned, but no better able to provide for his wife than formerly. She refused to live with him; he then offered to sell her, and a man who was present, having obtained her consent to the transfer, purchased her with 50 cents from her husband.

MARRIED,

In Portland, Mr. William D. Little, merchant to Miss Harriet M. Lincoln.

In Paris, Mr. John Billings, Jr. to Miss Sally Cooper.

DIED,

In this town, on Wednesday last, a child of Mr. Simon Stevens, aged 16 months.

In Portland, Mr. John Chipman, of Poland, aged 22.

In Sutton, Mass. Mrs. Mary, widow of the late Col. John Putnam, aged 91.

NEW FALL GOODS,  
FOR CASH.

THOMAS O. BRADLEY, Store No. 6, Mussey's Row, Middle-St. Portland, has just received 52 Packages seasonable Goods—such as BROAD-CLOTHS, CASSIMERES, SILKS, Merino Shawls and Dry Goods of every description—*Cheap for Cash only.*

Those indebted to the subscriber of more than three months standing must pay by the first of November, as all remaining unpaid at that time will be left with the Attorney for collection.

Sept. 29, 1829.

LIST OF LETTERS

Remaining in the Post Office in Norway,

Oct. 1, 1829.

George Bartholomew, Sally McKenne.

Edward Weeman, 2 Dr. Asa Danforth,

John Bird, David Gorham,

Rufus Bartlett.

57 WM. REED, P. M.

YEING, CLEANSING & PRIN-

TING, by the Lynn Printing

Company. T. O. BRADLEY,

Agent to the Company.

Store No. 6, Mussey's Row, Middle-street.

Portland, Sept. 29.

58

FALL GOODS,

NEW & CHEAP!!

H. G. CARTER

I S now selling, just rec'd, per Wave, a complete assortment of

FALL GOODS,

comprising every variety usually kept in his

line—such as

BROADCLOTHS, CASSI-

MERES & VESTINGS,

of all colors and prices; 100 ps. CALICOES,

from 6d to 2s per yard; 2000 yds. Factory

SHEETINGS and SHIRTINGS, bleach'd

and unbleach'd, to be sold at Factory prices;

TICKINGS from 9d to 30 cts. stout; SAT-

TINETS; FLANNELS; CAMBLES; real

and imitation; Rob Roy and Tartan PLAIDS

from 1s. 6d. to 2s. 6d.; CAMBLES; Flannel

and Rattinets; Circassians, GING-

HAMS; Blk. Levantine SILKS from 3s. 9d.

to 6s.; Sarsnets all colors; Blk. Sychuas;

1 Case undressed Linens, warranted all lined;

Cases Silk and Cotton Umbrellas, cheap;

Laubs Wool and Doe Skin Shirts and Draw-

ers; Blk. Slatz and Drab, Worsted and Silk

Hosey, ribb'd and plain; Gent. and Ladies

H. Skin. Beaver and French Buck Gloves;

Kid Mitts; Bombazines and Merinos, a new

article for Dresses; Fancy Silks and Barrage

Neck-chiefs; Linen Damasks and Table

Cloth; English and Russia Diapers; Batting

and Wadding; Factory Warp; Blk. Crapes,

low; Casmer Shawls; raw Silk and Merino

do.; Flag Silk and Bandanna Hdks.

Also—constantly on hand, Blk. Bobbinet

Laces, double ground 5 and 6 1/4 wide; 4 and

5 1/4 wide Bobbinet do.; Blk. double back'd

Lace Veils, very rich; blk. and white Pearlings;

Quillings: Foutings, suitable width for

Ladies' Florellas; Edgings and Insertings;

common Lace Veils for 1 Dollar; green and

blk. Gauze do.—together with sundry other

articles *unmentionable* will be sold at bargains

to Cash purchasers, at No. 3, Merchant's Row,

Middle-street.

415

ALSO---WANTED,

In exchange for Goods, 1 or 200 Skeins

Blue, Black, Mix'd, Red and White Woolen

YARN;

1000 yds. all wool FLANNEL;

1 or 200 prs. white and col'd woolen Stock-

ings and Socks, first rate;

100 Skeins Worsted Yarn, good, immediately.

Portland, Sept. 29. 1829.

416

TANYARD, & C.

FOR SALE.

WILL be sold at Public Auction, on

Thursday the twenty-ninth day of

October next, at one o'clock in the

afternoon, on the premises, a valuable

TANYARD,

situated in the Lower Village in Water-

ford, and the same lately owned and

improved by WILLIAM MUNROE,

Esq. deceased. Said Tanyard consists

of about one and three-fourth acres of

GOOD LAND,

on which are a one story DWELLING-

HOUSE, Barn, Bark Mill, a number of

valuable Fruit Trees,

and a sufficient number of Tan Vats in

complete repair to carry on the Tanning

business to advantage. It is situated

about five miles above the finished part

of the Cumberland and Oxford Canal,

and in the immediate vicinity of the

route contemplated to continue said Ca-

nal.

For further particulars inquire of Major

William Morse, near the premises.

Terms, which will be liberal, made

known at the time and place of sale.

ELI LONGLEY,

OLIVER POLLARD.

Waterford, Sept. 30, 1829.

57

MORE GOOD BARGAINS.

THE subscriber has just received his

# OXFORD OBSERVER.

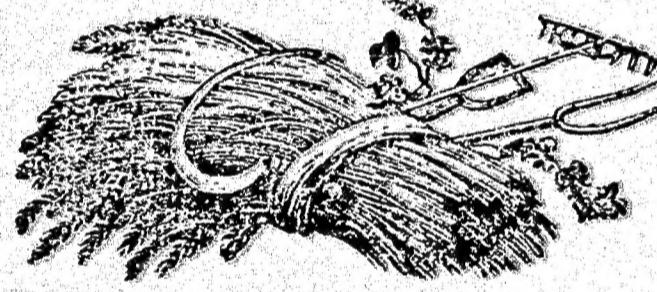
## POETRY.

From the New York Courier and Enquirer.

HEARD ye the sigh  
That on the still and holy breath of even,  
While all is bright on earth and calm in heaven,  
Came echoing by;  
Say ye the form,  
While mirth is for the gentle and the proud,  
Sad, lonely as the April floweret bowed  
Beneath the storm.  
And is it memory's meteor light,  
Upon her dark blue eye,  
Comes it across the soul to blight  
Each thing that flourished joyously—  
The early hope—the flower of bliss—  
Were they all cherished for this?

O Love, how deep the agony,  
The bosom's faint endures for thee:  
And deep the bitter pang that comes  
O'er the young spirit's loneliness,  
When darkness reigns within the homes,  
And altars of its early bliss;  
Crosses it in its dark despair,  
The stillness of its misery,  
And wakes the fire half slumbering there—  
Such—such the withering pang for thee!  
Oh why unto that burning shrine,  
Should the young heart its freshness bring  
Why all its greenest tendrils twine  
Around a blighting, traitor thing?  
Why, when its warmest, happiest ray,  
Is but deeper anguish rife,  
And fostering—then drives away  
The dream of love, the dream of life?  
The early hope—the flower of bliss,  
Were they all cherished for this:  
Oh crush the floweret ere its bloom,  
One hour upon thy heart may rest;  
A canker in its early doom,  
To feed upon thy breast;  
Oh quench the glowing light for age,  
Before it beams upon thy heart;  
Or drive the form of hope away,  
It comes to mock thee, and depart.  
It comes as a deep-toned witchery  
From the chrysal coves of the dark blue sea;  
From the spirits that morning and night send up  
A song and a prayer from their incense cup,  
Wild and deep as the orison  
They breathe to the High and Holy One.  
Believe not the strain, though its music breathe  
A sweater song than the spirits of ocean:  
Clasp not its flowers, though the brightest,  
wreath  
A chaplet of love for thy heart's devotion:  
Oh turn thou from its altar wreath,  
There are broken, bleeding hearts beneath;  
And though into its shrine ye bring  
The spirits peace an offering—  
Twill spurn thee yet, or claim its price,  
A darker, deeper sacrifice!

## AGRICULTURE-UTILITY.



### ON IMPROVING THE NATIVE BREED OF NEW-ENGLAND CATTLE.

Candid discussions of interesting subjects, on which men entertain different opinions, are useful. By the collision of sentiments, light is produced which may guide the disputants to the path of truth, to the benefit of themselves and their readers. But misrepresentations and their necessary correctness, occasion a waste of time that is much to be regretted; and by none so much as by those to whom, at an advanced age, what remains of the span of life is peculiarly precious.

Impressed with the importance of the subject, I sent, in April last, to the Editor of the New England Farmer, four letters "on improving the Native Breed of New England Cattle." I could not avoid taking some notice of an imported breed called the "Improved Short Horns,"—some of which were in Massachusetts, but more in Pennsylvania, of which John Hare Powell, Esq. near Philadelphia, was the zealous patron.—Concerning this breed there seemed to me to be a passion not unlike, though less in degree, that which our country exhibited not many years before, in relation to the then newly imported Merino Sheep. In noticing the Short Horns, it was my wish that New England farmers might think and act with sobriety: for numbers appeared to be captivated by their large size and comely form;—without adequate evidence of their possessing other more essential qualities than bulk and beauty. Nevertheless after urging the improvement of our native breed, and suggesting a mode in which I thought it might be most expeditiously effected,—I remarked "Such improvements of our native cattle, so important to our farmers in general, will also be interesting to those who are possessed of fine imported cattle: for if the latter on full trials, shall be found to be really of greatly superior excellence, improved individuals of our native breed will furnish better subjects for coupling with them; and enable the owners of the imported animals more expeditiously to improve and increase a superior stock, whether for their own use or for sale."

The single sentiment here expressed should have saved me from the unfounded charges of desiring to exclude all imported cattle, in the attempts to improve

our native stock. But in my note to the Editor of the New England Farmer, introductory to my four letters, I remark, "That were but two or three farmers, in every township of the State, to turn a zealous attention to it, the object in a few years would be accomplished;—whereas half a century, or more, might elapse before a general improvement by foreign crosses would be effected. At any rate, improvement in both ways may go hand in hand, and be mutually beneficial to both sorts of improvers."

[N. E. Farmer.

### THE IMPORTANCE OF WHOLSMOME WATER TO CATTLE.

"I lately visited Dr. Jenner. The Doctor condescended to converse with me on the diseases of cows and informed me that giving wholesome water to cows and other cattle was of more importance than the public is aware of.—He told me there was a farm in the neighborhood, where three or four farmers had sustained so much loss from abortions in their cows from red water, and other diseases that they were either ruined or obliged to give it up. The present occupier suspected that the water they drank was the cause of the mischief and therefore sunk three wells on different parts of his farm and pumped the water into troughs for the cattle.—The ponds were fenced round to prevent them from getting at the water, so they drank only from the troughs. Since that time the farmer has not had a single abortion or one case of red water. His cattle have been free also from swollen udders; and what is of more importance, he makes more cheese, and his cheese is greatly improved in quality. The Doctor wished me to visit the farm, which I did, and another at a short distance. I found that the usual mode of watering cattle, where there was no brook or running water, was from a pit of stagnant rain, or spring water, to which the cattle had access by means of a sloping path on one side only. It has been observed that cattle, immediately after drinking, dung or make water, and almost always before leaving the sloping path—the dung and urine, therefore, flow into the pond, or are washed into it by rain, and make the water so impure that it has been found to kill all and nothing but noxious insects can live in it. The disgust which such water must excite in animals accustomed to drink from brooks, is gradually overcome in a great measure, and they sometimes drink it without appearing to suffer;—but the influence it has upon the animal's health is strikingly shown on this farm. On visiting the other farm, where the cows had been prevented from drinking this pond water only six months, the beneficial effects of drinking wholesome water were sufficiently obvious to demonstrate its utility. Before that time, they were frequently meeting with red water and swollen quarters—that is, a swelling of a part of the udder; but since the cows had drank pure water, not a case of either had occurred."

[White's Compendium.

### COLTS.

We have often heard it lamented that our breed of horses is so bad. But I am convinced, as our colts are managed, if we had any other breed, we should make it appear as mean as our own, if not worse. The abusing of colts in the first winter, is the principal cause of their proving so bad. For our farmers seldom allow their colts any food besides hay, and that is not always the best kind,—so they seldom fail being stunted in the first winter to such a degree that they never get the better of it. A colt that is foaled late, should not be weaned till Feb. or March, and should have oats during all of the winter. In some countries, they allow a young colt fifteen bushels. We need not grudge to feed them with meal, oats and bran, besides the best of clover and hay—for they will pay for it in growth. After the first winter, they will need no extraordinary feeding till they are grown up.—Were the above directions observed, we should soon see an improvement in our breed of horses. They would be capable of doing much greater service, and be likely to hold out to a much greater age.

### WATERING OF HORSES.

This is a part of their dieties that is not of a trifling import. All horses prefer soft water; and it proves more wholesome. It is not a good custom to wash water generally for horses, but it is a much worse custom to give them water, just drawn from a pump or well, and particularly in summer, when water is comparatively colder than in winter, and when the horse is probably much hotter from exercise, clothing, &c. As some horses drink quicker than others, it is more proper to give them their water in the stable than at a pond, where they often drink immoderately. The quantity given should be regulated by the exercise and other circumstances. In the summer when the exercise has been severe, more is necessary. In common cases a large horse requires rather more than the half of a large stable pail, and that twice in the day; at night a full pail should be allowed, making in all three waterings. It is erroneous to sup-

pose that abstinence from water increases the wind or vigor; on the contrary, many diseases are encouraged, particularly inflammatory ones, by this deprivation. If it were the custom to place water within the reach of the animal he would be found to drink more frequently, but less freely than when watered according to the usual method. The restraint in this particular when journeying is barbarity itself, and is fatal to the appetite, to the spirit, and to the temper of the animal. Horses should never be galloped after drinking; it is the frequent cause of broken wind; nor should horses have much water given them before eating; but on a journey, when the animal is very dry, give three or four quarts—then feed—and when that is partly eaten, some more; and afterwards the remainder of the quantity intended, which in hot weather should be liberal.

### FARMERS WORK FOR SEPTEMBER.

Be sure to furnish your swine with a sufficient quantity of raw materials for the manufacture of manure. Brakes or fern are excellent for that purpose, as they contain a great quantity of food for plants. Winter rye is best sowed in September. If it is sowed early, its roots will obtain such firm hold of the soil that it will be less apt to be winter killed, in consequence of the roots being laid bare by the heaving of the ground in hard frosts. Rye may well be sowed for the purpose of furnishing food for cattle and sheep early in the spring.—When it is intended for this object, it should not only be put into the ground early in the autumn, but it should be sowed thicker than when intended to stand for a crop of seed. Winter wheat is best sowed in September, but in that case it may be necessary to feed it in the fall. It is a good practice to mix a portion of straw, particularly the straw of oats, with the second crop of grass, when it is placed on the mow.

Sowing acorns, beach mast, ash-key, cherry stones, peach stones in autumn, is the most natural method; the destruction made by the field mouse on those seeds both at the time of sowing and during the winter, may render it most expedient to preserve such seeds in boxes of dry sand, and sow or plant them early in the spring.

Select seed corn according to the directions of Joseph Cooper, Esq. of New Jersey. When the first ears are ripe enough for seed, gather a sufficient quantity for early corn, or replanting, and at the time you would wish your corn to be ripe generally gather a sufficient quantity for planting the next year, being particular to take it from stalks that are large at the bottom, of a regular taper, not over tall, the ears set low, and containing a good number of sizeable ears of the best quality on a stock; let it dry speedily, and from the corn gathered as last described, plant your main crop, and if any hills be missing, replant from that first gathered, which will cause the crop to ripen more regularly than is common, which is a great benefit. Dr. Deane observed, that "some recommend gathering seed before the time of harvest, being better to mark them and let them remain on the stalks till they become sapless. Whenever they are taken in they should be hung up by the husks, in a dry place, secure from early frost; and they will be so hardened as to be in no danger of injury from the frost in the winter." Apples, it is said, may be preserved for spring use by packing in any kind of grain or in dry sand; also in paper cuttings of the bookbinder or in shallow pits between layers of turf, the grassy side downwards with a sufficient covering of grass and straw, to protect them from frost; likewise in dry flax seed, chaff or pulverised plaster of Paris.

TECUMSEH.—In Conversation with a gentleman the other day about the peculiar traits of Indian character, he related an anecdote of the celebrated Tecumseh, which singularly evinces the sagacity and shrewdness of this warrior, and the manner by which he first acquired that unlimited influence over his tribe. It is well known that formerly the Indians regarded and eclipse, either of the Sun or Moon, as a terrible portentous omen; and whenever one occurred, a council was usually held to ascertain the causes of the wrath of the Great Spirit. At the disastrous defeat of St. Clair, while they were in eager chase of the unfortunate fugitives, they were thrown into such consternation by the eclipse of the Moon, that the pursuit was stopped, and a consultation held; and so long was the debate, that an opportunity was afforded the shattered remnant to seek a place of security. While some traders were visiting their settlements on the Wabash in the spring of 1800, Tecumseh learned from them that a total eclipse of the sun would take place on the 16th of June. Knowing the superstition of his people, he dexterously resolved to make use of this information for his own advantage; and accordingly represented to them, that the Great Spirit had constituted him his agent upon earth, and that, if they did not implicitly comply with his directions, the sun would on a certain day hide his head and withdraw the light of his countenance from them.—To their amazement, this prediction was

fulfilled; and ever after they submitted to his dictation with a confidence that was never shaken, until his career was terminated.—[N. Y. Jour. of Com.

### TO THE PRINTERS OF THE UNITED STATES.

#### FRANKLIN LETTER FOUNDRY.

The reduced cost of the materials used in the composition of Printing Types, and the improvements and increased facility of casting them, have induced the subscribers to adopt the following list of prices. The style of their large and small letter is modern, and of the most elegant kind. The metal will be found very hard and durable, having a new ingredient in its composition. For accuracy and finish, the type cast at their foundry is warranted equal to any whatever. They have on hand a complete assortment of book and job letters, so that they are prepared to execute orders for entire offices of Job, Newspaper, or Book printing, on a short notice. They are thankful for the patronage they have received, and will be happy to receive the orders of printers, which will receive prompt attention.

Merchants and others, who have orders from abroad, will be supplied not only with types, but presses, chases, composing sticks, and every thing necessary for a printing establishment, and put up with care and perfect accuracy.

Their new specimen book will be published soon, and ready to be sent to printers, in which will be exhibited a greater variety than has been shown by any foundry in the U. States.

Printers are requested to publish this advertisement a few times in their papers, to receive payment \$2, in types, or in payment of their accounts.

A. W. KINSLEY, & Co.

Albany, Aug. 18, 1829.

PRICES.—At 6 months credit, for approved paper, or at a discount of 5 per cent for cash.

Meridian, & all plain,	Small Pica, \$0 38
larger,	Long Primer, \$0 40
Do. G. Primer,	Burgois, \$0 46
Double English,	Brevier, \$0 56
Do. S. Pica,	Minion, \$0 70
Great Primer,	Nonpareil, \$0 90
English,	Leads and Quo- tations, \$0 30

Other kinds of type reduced in proportion. Old type received in exchange at 9 cents per pound.

### PRINTING TYPES, PRESSES, &c.

#### WM. HAGER & CO.

OFFER for sale, at their Type and Stereotype Foundry, No. 20, Gold-Street, New York, a complete assortment of Printing Types, from 14 lines Pica to Diamond, at the following prices 6 months credit, or 5 per cent discount for cash. They cast their book founts from English to Diamond, on a metal which they will warrant superior to any other used in this country.

Six Lines Pica, and all	Small Pica, 38
larger, per lb. \$0 30	Long Primer, 40
Double Pica,	Burgois, 46
Great Primer,	Brevier, 56
English,	Minion, 70
	Nonpareil, 90

And all others in proportion. Old metal received in exchange at 8 cents per lb.

W. H. & Co. are agents for the sale of the Washington Printing Press, invented by Samuel Rust, which they offer for sale on accommodating terms.

Proprietors of papers, who will publish this advertisement 3 times, will be allowed \$2 in settlement of their accounts, or in articles from the Foundry.

Aug. 24. 24

### BROADCLOTHS—VERY CHEAP.

50 Ps. Black, Blue, and Fancy colors, from 1,25 to 12,50 per yard, and at least 25 per cent cheaper than ever before offered by THOMAS O. BRADLEY.

#### ALSO AS ABOVE:

- 3 1-2 pairs Patent Pistols,
  - 2 Percussion Fowling Pieces,
  - 1 Elegant Sword,
  - 4 or 5 Elegant Looking-Glasses,
- Purchased at Auction and will be sold very cheap.

Portland, June 23.

JUST Published and for sale at the OXFORD BOOKSTORE, by the subscriber,

### SERMONS ON WAR,

by Rev. THOMAS T. STONE, lately Pastor of the Congregational Church, in Andover.—These Sermons contain no sectarian sentiments and are calculated to show that wars and fighting are contrary to the pure and peaceable principles of Christianity. The Book is handsomely printed on good paper and contains six Sermons, at the low price of twenty-five cents.

ASA BARTON, Agent.

July 13.

### FEATHER DUSTERS.

ONE HUNDRED Feather Dusters, for sale by T. O. BRADLEY.

### CELEBRATED ITCH & SALT RHEUM Cointment.

PREPARED by Joel Miller. The great and merited reputation this ointment has acquired affords ample and conclusive proof of its being a cheap and efficacious cure for the Itch and Salt Rheum, and for many other eruptions of the skin, and may be used with safety by the most delicate constitutions, for sale by John F. Reeves, Druggist, Exchange-street, Portland, sole Agent for the N. E. States, where Druggists and others are solicited to call or send their orders to his address either for cash, credit or on commission. The above ointment is kept by Druggists in all the principal towns.—For sale at the Oxford Bookstore by ASA BARTON, Agent.

ASA BARTON, Agent.

Norway, Feb. 29.

1y000

10 Ps. CARPETINGS at reduced prices

Portland June 23.

## MERINO SHAWLS.

3 CARTOONS "Lupin's best" scarlet, blk. and white long and square Merino SHAWLS, with worsted borders.

#### ALSO—

Elegant white 4-4 and 6-4 Thibet Shawls, a beautiful article. Just received and for sale cheap by T. O. BRADLEY, No. 6, Mussey's Row.

Portland, May 26.

### TO DEALERS AND FAMILIES in the United States.

The following valuable preparations are recommended as

### INVALUABLE MEDICINES FOR FAMILIES.

#### BALM